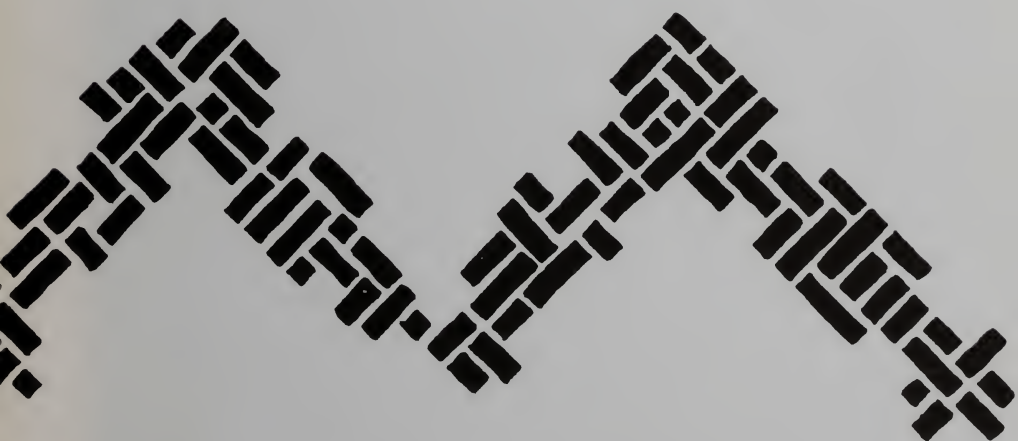


MESSAGES FROM THE UNKNOWN



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PARNASSUS

Messages From the Unknown

Literary Magazine

of

Northern Essex Community College

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Secret

The time has come, a secret is revealed.
In one mind, a need for telling
Quiet thoughts quenched.
Could this be the beginning of a new me?
The loss of a friend brought her down.
Her confidence in me gave my mind elation,
She is intimate, she is precious,
Brings me the fruits of a love-filled tree.

The Quiet One

Could the smile be hiding doubting thoughts?
Behind the blue eyes, lie the answers.
Few moments have passed, but the fire burns.
Will the Quiet One share her secrets?
Will time reveal the meaning of mild silence?

Jonathan Henry Turner

Midnight Joy

Awaken to the light of a moon
 shining brightly in my eyes.
I feel your body
 So still, so naked beside me.
I watch you sleep, thinking of our pleasures
 you roll and cuddle me.
I study your manly figure, you smile in your dreams,
 a single tear slides down my face.....

R.A.I.

Bay Gentleman

He sits caressing Jack Daniels
with his delicate turquoise hands
Those kept from the sun and
the lost

Gather round him, faces upturned
Winter-locked, encased
listening to his song of exile
Exalting, secretly with each
unmatched lift of his glass

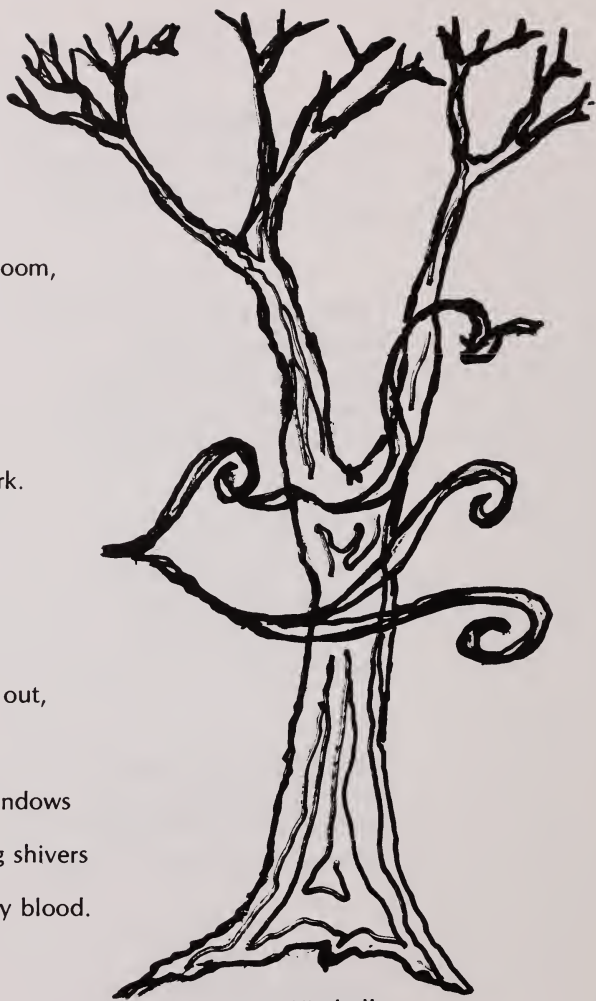
They watch, eyes widened
the lame tight rope walker
The feet that once held
the line, the chest that
stored the sea

Reading of past revolutions
fighting through the pages
The click of the empty glass
Waves him along the fat streets

to his empty room
Nestled in the plaster wall
dreaming of his unheard fall.

Lisa Waterman

Coldness
Coldness
 outside my bedroom,
 Gloom
Sneaks around
 my house
 in the dark.
Outside
 mirkish fog,
 stealing grey
 creeps in and out,
 and raps
 on my windows
 causing shivers
 to my blood.



J. Kimball

THE VISITOR

In the dark of night child,
I can hear him crying and I can hear the silence of the darkness
that surrounds him.

through the darkness
the faint flicker of light from the tall dark house,
shadows in the night's shade.
it's chill I feel
walking across the dim lit street,
in the rainy night mist.

Shall you sleep now
or cry beneath the darkness in your crib.

Will your mother pierce the darkness,
and sooth your fearful heart.

And when I look in
she shall nod me away.

the poem she wrote,
word upon word
like a musician man's tune.
I hear her voice racing almost unsteadily,
quick and unfeathered her actions seem.
as she sits down beside me
I see her hand shaking,
touching her hand,
touching upon herself,
once again I flow,
to look back upon
the poem she wrote.

Your dreams shall be yours and hers alone,
knowing that no one else can pierce the dark.
enchantress of the stars,
you've deserted me this night,
leaving the bare autumn trees as my companions.
the concrete steps
into the darkness of an empty room,
the clock ticking,
echoing off the hollow walls.

She is your flickering candle
making the dark a ballet of prancing puppets,
filling your heart with joy
and calming the darkness that rages about you,
tiny child.

the wind is silent,
and I know if he should speak
to me through the bare autumn trees
the will-o-wisp
would flee,
into the darkness where my whispers cannot see.

I sit here,
staring at the wicker chair in the corner of the room.

Paul R. Sanborn

To R.F.

Your shirt against my back

Your chest against mine

We make love

In the glow

of

Candles and wine.

The scent of your cologne
mingles with mine

Lit by the

Fire of our

bodies

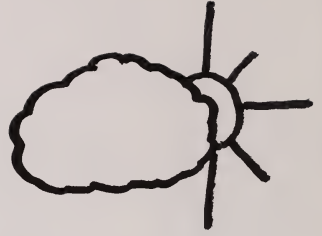
Entwining.



by Babe Minor



Disillusion



I saw you then through starry eye,
Your sacred soul entrusted,
Alchemist, priest, keeper of dreams,
A kind inspirer, brother,
Hero of legend, pharaoh of old, honorer of others,
Gentle, sensitive, boy-like man,
Your face the sunshine beckoning.

I see you now through tear washed eye,
Your magic spell has broken,
Judas Iscariot, bearer of rain,
Killer of friendship, other,
Person of anger, one to fear, poisoned with ill will,
Hard, impassioned, infantile man,
Your face a storm cloud threatening.

Kathleen Brown

Angel

An Angel

brushed
pressed
sealed
my lips
in passion,
in silence
insane.



Angel,
Lover,
Mithrandir,

Suitor from a fantasy,

With a Call

too deep

to deny.

Forgetting my soul

I embraced your breast

Dipping my torn heart

In the cream waters

of your love

too beautiful

to be mine.

J. Kimball

A naked soul, stripped of its honesty,
simplicity, and values after being chained
to the profile of a dark, brisk, and
hostile personage, whose attitudes are
basically self-preservative, now seeks
the shelter of a more docile frame
where it can fulfill itself and, therefore,
live its last life contented and assured
in the fact that it no longer must
return to this wretched, barren outstretch,
covered with the waste commonly referred
to in private circles as people

Ruth Cleary

Alone

In my quiet moments

I find myself

Alone.

I feel the emptiness

of time.

Yet it's serenity

can be my bind.

Alone.

Is a word sometimes

wished not to be heard

Living through it—

Can give you strength.

For alone is just....

.....a time.....

Lucy Wiciel





Grammy's Tree

Like a giant's green beach umbrella sticking between two massive boulders, the proud old maple tree towered over the backyard. Anchored by serpentine roots snaking under and over the rocky ground, its gnarled and scarred trunk supported a myriad of limbs that tatted a natural lace of wood and bark as they majestically spread to the heavens. Vibrant green leaves of varying hues cloaked the multitude of limbs in a gossamer veil as random rays of sunlight sparkled through the leaves forming a carousel of light on the shaded ground below.

On many a hot summer day, I would see Grammy Cressy sitting at her worn porcelain-topped table under the tree, as she did crossword puzzles, mended clothes, sorted berries, or relaxed with a cigarette in her hand. Enjoying the cool breezes, she would often sort and clean freshly picked blueberries that my grandfather had gathered on the hill. Humming contentedly to herself, Grammy would rock with a gentle rhythm, as the berries were picked up and peered at; accepted or rejected. Fingers flying with a deftness that belied her years, she would soon have a mound of berries that glimmered as streams of light played across her hands. As Grammy worked, her mischievous cat, "NIGGERPEEDINKUMSPEEGONKUMSPEEDINXWIDJICOMWADJICOMPEEDINX", would frolic underfoot; batting playfully at her apron strings.

The maple tree and my grandmother complemented one another; as if they were an elderly couple that had lived a lifetime together and were now in the twilight of their years. Both seemingly drew on each other for strength and life; the tree appreciated the soothing companionship she gave it and, in turn, my grandmother listened to the whispering songs of its leaves.

When Grammy Cressy passed away the maple tree seemed to lose a lot of its luster and sheen. It waited patiently through the winters to show her its new spring leaves, but she never came again to rest in its shade and enjoy its music.

by Charles A. Logue

Reverend Collins

The only time Reverend Collins ever raised his voice in front of anyone was while standing at the altar of our Methodist Church giving his Sunday sermons. When I was very young, there were times when I was sure that it was God himself standing there. Rev. Collins believed every word that was written in the Bible and wanted to share his beliefs with others, but he never demanded that they accept his word. At the end of every service, he would walk down the center aisle, while the organ played and the choir sang his favorite hymn, "How Great Thou Art." As the congregation left, he shook every hand and returned every smile regardless of the number of people who had gone to his church to worship.

He lived in the moderate home next to the church, and anyone who wanted or needed to see him was always welcome there. To him, no problem was a small one, and he would listen to anyone talk about anything from a broken ego to a broken home. Every time I would go to see him, we would sit downstairs for awhile, sipping on a hot cup of tea, and then we would proceed upstairs to his study to discuss what it was that had brought me there. He would sit behind his desk and wait until I was comfortable enough to speak. It never took very long, because of the warmth of the over-stuffed easy chairs, the braided rug, and the walls of shelves filled with friendly books. Certainly, I thought, a man this knowledgeable had read every book that had ever been written.

At the age of seven I faced my first experience with death. When my mother told me that Nana was dead, I was confused, lonely and afraid, but I knew as I sat on the front stairs, that as soon as Rev. Collins got there he would help me. When he saw me waiting, his pace quickened; and I ran to meet him, unable to wait the few extra moments for the comfort that he would bring me. He asked, rather than told me, to think of life like I thought of school. There was a goal to reach, and my grandmother had reached hers. It was her graduation day, and he assured me that she had graduated with the highest of honors. I wasn't scared anymore. As we stood at her grave side, I heard him say, "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust," and I felt his hand resting gently on my shoulder. When he took it away, he lifted some of the pain with it.

As the years went by, I slowly became aware that something was wrong. I tried so hard to avoid these thoughts, but one day I could deny it no longer. As I saw someone help him down from the pulpit, I realized that my worst fears had been confirmed. He was losing his sight.

He went away. It would take about a month for him to train with his Seeing Eye dog, Misty. He was physically and emotionally exhausted because of the hard work and the long hours. The night before he took his final test, he traced with his hands, over and over again, the map provided him in preparation for the next day's journey. He had to count and memorize every curb stone, every street and every step. He had to make it, or he would not be able to return home. When he told me about this, he said that when he reached his destination, he fell to his knees on the pavement, held his dog to his bosom, and thanked God for giving him back his eyes. I saw a tear fall from behind his dark glasses.

When he returned, things remained the same. He would speak for as long as a half hour, his voice and memory never faltering. His first Sunday back, the members of the choir struggled to gulp back the tears as they sang his favorite hymn, while he and Misty walked down the center aisle together. He recognized voices, as we remember faces, and he always knew who he was talking to without asking.

He never complained about his affliction, and he went on enjoying the life that he considered a most precious gift. He joined a bowling league and was the best on his team. After throwing the ball, someone would tell him which pins were remaining, and he succeeded in getting many spares and high scores. He loved to fish, and when the weather was good, he went every day. He started playing the banjo and founded a musical group of which my father, my husband and I were a part. He entertained for the sick, elderly, church groups and other worthy organizations sometimes as often as three to four nights a week, and brought music, jokes and laughter into the lives of many people.

As I grew older, I abandoned religion for various reasons. I was concerned because I knew we did not have a much in common now, and I thought our relationship might suffer, but I worried needlessly. We talked about it and he knew my thoughts had changed. We believed in different things now. He believed in a Supreme Being. I didn't. He believed that suicide was wrong. I didn't. He believed in life after death, and I didn't, but we found that we both still believed in The Golden Rule and in each other.

I never thought he would die. He was 71 years old, but to me he was ageless. Two weeks before last Christmas his heart failed, and he died suddenly. The following evening we were scheduled to perform at a church gathering, but instead I stood in a funeral parlor refusing to focus on his lifeless body. How he loved his music! At that very moment, had he been alive, he would have been sitting in front of an audience, playing his banjo, tapping his feet, and rocking from side to side with the beat. His smile would never fade from his face until the performance was through.

On the long ride to the cemetery, I couldn't escape the vision of my father's clenched jaw as he helped place the casket into the hearse. As I stood at the grave site, I heard an unfamiliar voice say the ever familiar words, "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust," only this time there was no gentle hand on my shoulder.

by Donna Caffrey



Psychiatric Institutions: Civilized Imprisonment

by Paul Poulos

I was a member.

The club was elite.

The doctors ran the show.

The nurses helped alot.

They gave medication "to Help."

Were the patients helped? The hospital helped itself to the insurance payments.

Hello! How long have you been here? When are you getting out?

Friend, you are a veteran. Tell me. How does one get released from confinement?

"First, pay your dues, of the psychological type. Second, learn to lay-low, don't use your mouth for a question that can be beautifully answered with your eyes. Thirdly, it takes time, you'll just have to wait your turn.

This all sounded as if I was in for a good healthy dose of subordination. I had to keep it simple.

The bedroom was boring.

The lobby was boring. The idiotic therapy activities were a bore. The only comfort was in the bliss of sleep.

One day Richard banged his head into the head of Walter Cronkite.

Another day, Willie's sharp looking derby was confiscated. He started wearing it too much. The staff decided "bizarre and inappropriate behavior."

One day a youngster screamed out loud for the mercy of God.

The hypodermic plunged the epidermis. The storm-and-fury was quelled efficiently.

Another day Tom pushed a person. Tom dislikes being approached from the rear. Tom blew his buddy away at Normandy beach with his Thompson forty-five caliber sub-machine at the infant stages of World War Two for the conquest of continental Europe.

One day the doctor moved me to an open unit. I was granted limited freedoms.

For the first time in weeks I could walk freely (relatively) through an unlocked door way.

Bart Syles was an old codger. In the confines of the unit Bart was the most foul-mouthed person. At social events Mr. Syles was always polite and smiling. The double-lobotomy die little to alleviate the situation.

Charles would tell me his story about his fiance, every, every, every, day. The fiance was imaginary.

John would walk up to a person. Look you directly in the eyes. He would not say a word.

John would not even respond to anything verbal. He would just rock back and forth slightly. John would look into the depths of your eyes for as long as visual contact was sustained.

Somewhere at the time my own mind was being blown across the oceans of human emotional activity.

BLUEBERRY HILL

by Charles A. Logue

Listening to the radio today I heard 'Fats' Domino singing "I found my thrill on Blueberry Hill . . ." and my mind wandered to another "Blueberry Hill" when the Summer Street Gang ruled the roost.

Old Eaglehead Road with its dirty weed-choked surface and moss-covered stone railroad bridge, was the northern boundary; Spy Rock Hill with its ghostly foundations of ancient mansions was the southern; the B and M railroad tracks as they crept through Catwalk Junction was the eastern; and Summer Street from the 'Cricket' to the frozen lions guarding Nichol's Road was the western.

The 'Hill' was a virtual playground for any boy with enough time to seek out its treasures. Nichol's Pond (so named for the tyrannical king of the 'Hill') had many little islands (actually large clusters of rotting tree hulks) that became hideaways for all sorts of dark and murky deeds. Stolen boards from Scully's camp made perfect child-size bridges when laid from shore to island to island. On the center island was the 'Fort' (cardboard cartons from Brown's and Hooper's) where girls were not welcome unless captured and dragged there.

All captives were given a choice: "walk the plank blindfolded" or endure a "behind the back frogging." Those who chose the plank soon asked to be "frogged" after being told about the insatiable slimy monster that lived in the muck waiting for its dinner. A "frogging" entailed having one's arms held as one or more frogs were dropped into one's pants. As this form of punishment was popular at the 'Fort,' the difference between boys and girls was soon discovered. Girls jumped, screamed, and cried when the frogs mysteriously appeared in their pants while the boys merely laughed and rolled around: all except "Casper."

The only time "Casper" had frogs in his pants he cried; we laughed and he threw a fit. In his wild, manical thrashings he took half the 'Fort' into the water with him and it took three days to rebuild it; needless to say after "Casper's Catastrophe" nobody "frogged" around with him again.

SUMMER BRIDGE

by Charles A Logue

From the top of the gull-spotted, grey concrete counterweight supported by massive black girders to the greasy man-sized half gears under the tracks, the B and M drawbridge stands like an alien monolith between the inner and outer harbors of Manchester-By-The Sea. Many an endless summer day was spent exploring the nooks and crannies of its ancient, but functional, skeleton.

The 'bridge had everything a young boy could want: places to swear, smoke stolen butts, jump, yell, or whatever, without a grownup watching, unless you counted the bridgetender, Harry the Wino. If you wanted to go diving, the counterweight made a great platform for any daredevil strong enough to make the arduous climb up to its girders. Once on the summit you had two choices: chicken out, climb back down and be laughed off the 'bridge for all eternity, or get a good grip on the edge with your toes and leap far enough to clear the trestles (remembering not to go head first or you'd bob up minus your trunks).

If "cannonballing" off the top got boring, you could pick mussels off the pilings and go fishing from the catwalk. Of course, there wasn't much fish - on account of Abbott's boatyard leaking rank, rainbow-hued oil into the water - so you would wait for some rich kids to row by on the wrong side of the tracks and then plaster them with gooey, orange guts and shattered mussel shells. One cardinal rule of this continuous "War of the Mussels" . . . NEVER throw a whole shell because if one of the "richies" got hurt, the cops would kick you off the bridge for life (or a week, which was longer).

After driving the enemy away from your fort, you could rest by walking the bridge on the outside trestle where one slip and you'd cool off in the drink, or you could crawl over the giant, grimy gears under the tracks. As you squirmed to within six inches of the rails, praying that the gears wouldn't crush you like a pesky mosquito, you would wait for a train to run over you.

Being run over was the ultimate trip . . . laying on the girder, you'd feel a slight shaking as a Buddliner rumbled through Crocker's Crossing, hear a mournful hoot signalling the 'tender,' and then like a colossal cricket rushing at you . . . clickety-click, clickety-clack, clickety-clickety . . . the engine would hurtle over, exploding your body with a loud roar. As you laid listening to the fading clicks, the caboose of summer youth would pass.

THE TULIP DRESS

No self-respecting young lady on the Forest Street football team would ever be seen in an ugly tulip dress! I hated that tulip dress more than an eight year old could hate anything. I think it was because I was in the third grade. I had matured to an age of self-consciousness.

I don't even know where that dress came from. It wasn't bought new. Maybe my mother had made it. She must have gotten the material from a grain bag! It hung in my closet for a while as I managed to avoid it like the poison ivy bushes in the field. Yet, I knew I couldn't avoid it forever. Surely, she could see how pitiful I looked in that thing as I slowly dragged my feet up to the bus stop - like I was walking to the electric chair. As I entered the bus, I grabbed a seat and hid half-way to the floor. How was I ever going to make it through the day!

The bus stopped in the schoolyard. I got off last. As everyone headed for the playground, I hurried into the school building. I had to hide! I ran into the girls' room which contained four sinks and a row of unoccupied toilets. I chose a stall somewhere in the middle and stood for several moments until I caught my breath. My next decision was to stay in the stall until school was over and I could take the bus home . . . a brilliant idea!

The bell rang and a thunder of feet ran across the ceiling. The cramped space I occupied and the heat from the steam boiler were making things a little uncomfortable. I took my coat, hat and scarf off and hung them on the hook in front of me. My feet were sweaty. I wanted to take my boots off, too, but suddenly I was feeling sick to my stomach. I looked around and slowly eased myself onto the side of the toilet seat. At least I could rest a while!

After what felt like a million hours, the bell rang for recess. The thunder of feet returned, making it's way to my hiding place. As the girls filed in, the stalls were quickly filled. I held my breath. Then the giggling started. "Look, someone still has their boots on. Imagine wearing boots to go to the john!" I froze as the laughter grew loud. As tears filled my eyes, the bell rang again. The laughter carried out the door and down the hall. Everything was quiet once more.

As drops of sweat rolled down my face, I knew I had to get out of there before I threw-up - but, where could I go? I put my coat, hat and scarf back on and quietly slipped into the cold fresh air outside. How good the air smelled compared to the dirty johns! My feet started walking. I never thought about where I was going, but with little surprise I was headed for home. I didn't know how far my house was. What seemed like minutes on the bus felt like a life-time as my legs got heavier and heavier. Finally, Forest Street was in view. I knew I could make it now!

I took my time. If I got home early, my mother would know I didn't go to school. When I got within earshot of my house, I found a comfortable spot in the patch of trees across the street in which to rest. I was too tired to keep my eyes open and quickly fell asleep.

The rumbling of the bus and the screeching of it's brakes woke my up. I left my haven trying to forget the miserable experience as my mother greeted me at the door . . . "Hi dear," she said, "I see you survived the day in that dress. I told you no one would notice it! I bet you forgot you even had it on!"

by Sheila Radulski Lynch



DUCKING FOOLS

by Charles A. Logue

Standing in Peggy's Sub Shop were a half dozen lobstermen with worried weather-beaten faces peering from under dingy sou'westers.

"Two coffees, one regular-two sugars; one black-one sugar and two plain donuts to go," ordered Hilary.

"Looks like we're in for a good blow," joked Captain Johnson, the patriarch of the group.

"Only damn fools and ducks would ride the sea today," remarked Bruce, skipper of the 'Dirty Shame.'

"Come hell or high water, I am going out to get that tub trawl I set off Singing Beach. I can't afford to lose another one. Right Charlie?", Hilary plaintively asked as he looked to me for support.

"Sure. The worst that could happen is we break up on the rocks by the 'Groaner' trying to get a trawl we ain't even sure is there anymore, but what the hell - it's your boat," I kiddingly assured him.

"Let's get going. Can't wait all day on the weather," he retorted as he paid the bill and stomped out into the rain.

Grabbing the donuts and coffees from the worn and stained counter top, I followed him out the door to a delapidated smelly old truck that stood rusting at the curb. Creaks and groans protested the opening of the battered passenger door as I hoisted myself onto the ripped and spring protruded seat.

"What did you leave in such a huff for? You know I was only kidding, doncha?" I queried, passing Hilary a soggy donut and tepid coffee.

Eyeing the donut as if it were to blame for the rotten weather and gesticulating wildly, spilling half the coffee in the process, Hilary huffingly replied, "Don't ever joke about bad luck 'cause it comes often enough without you calling for it."

"Okay, okay! 'nough said." I contritely replied as the engine gasped and caught in a rumbling roar. As we pulled away from the curb, I glanced over at the steam-dripped window, just as Captain Johnson shook his head and mouthed a final epitaph . . . "DAMN FOOLS."

Churning clouds, playing tag in a grey wavery sky, cast a pale pallor across the whitecapped harbour. Howling winds from the northeast spit pellets of rain in our faces as Hilary and I hurriedly bailed and readied the skiff.

Boats swinging on short scopes tugged at their moorings like impatient colts as we sculled from the People's Park flat. Swirling eddies in the wet blackness trailed our wake only to slowly disappear in the dismal depths. The prow of the skiff gently separated a pathetic patchwork quilt of moldy orange peels, opaque bottles, bloated seagull carcass, and stringy seaweed that stretched across our path.

Squawking gulls, startled from their seaside slumber, gave boisterous greetings as we bumped along side the "DUMBO, a flat-bottom lobster boat, derisively known as a 'sled'). Going forward to secure the skiff to the mooring line, I spotted a harbor duck with her three young, lazily paddling a retreat to the sanctity of the inner harbor. Returning to the shelter of the cabin, I remarked about the ducks to Hilary.

"Ducks must know something's brewing. Turn on the marine band and see what they have to say," muttered Hilary. CLICK! ". . . out of the northeast at 25 to 30 knots; tides running eight to twelve feet above normal. Small craft warnings are in effect from House Island to . . ." CLICK!

"God damn weathermen, what the hell do they know? Alls they do is bring bad weather and bad luck," snapped Hilary, as he primed the gas pump and cranked over the engine. Sputtering and wheezing, it backfired a few times before exploding to life accompanied by a cacophony chorus of gulls.

As the "DUMBO" eased off the mooring, I tossed handfuls of ripe redfish to the garrulous gulls as tribute for their interrupted morning. Passing Tuck's Point, I doffed my wool cap in mock salutation to Neptune's harlot, "Dame Fortune," as Hilary, taking no chances, blessed himself.





Fourth Force

by Paul R. Sanborn

The fleeting blackness of deep space, silent in the fury of a star going nova . . . dark and bodyless deep within its merciless black holes . . .

"Commander Thrnoge, we have an unidentified starship entering this area. Possibly a rebel ship . . ."

"I do not want possibilities! I want answers!!" the grim faced reptilian commander roared.

"Y . . . Yesss sir!" The sensor controller turned his full attention to the panel, fearing that his mistake might cost him his life.

"It is a rebel ship . . ."

"Then why hasss'nt the patrol destroyer seen and destroyed the inferior beings and their ship?!"

Moments of chilling silence seemed to cut through the air around the two Grouds as they waited for an answer that was never going to come. A rebel ship never got this close to the slave planet before, or any Groud slave planet before. Something was terribly wrong, and in their cold reptilian hearts a sliver of fear touched them for not more than a millionth of a second and faded back behind their cold scaly exterior.

"Commander, I have no contact with Patrol Destroyer XXPP. I will try to contact XXQQ. This is main control XXX to Patrol Destroyer XXQQ. Report!" Seconds passed. "Report, XXQQ!!" Minutes passed.

The view screen came alive, the blurred face of a reptilian captain appeared. "We are . . ." The picture faded and came back. " . . . deflector screen useless . . .choke . . . energy passes, energy weapon passes through screens . . ." The picture faded for the last time and went black.

"Sir, the rebel ship is in telescopic scan range . . ."

"Get a fix on it, I want to know what it is and where it came from, now!!"

The telescopic scanners zeroed in on unknown starship, slowly focusing in on the markings. "Commander, I now have a clear visual lineup on identification markings . . . they read s-t-a-r-c-h-i-l-d, STARCHILD. There is no number mar . . ."

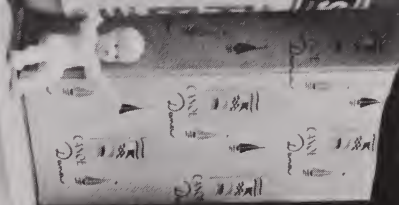
"By the Great Groud!! I was warned . . . about this so-called 'Legend,' it cannot be true, not now, . . . not here!?" Commander Thrnoge stood frozen like a marble statue, his slimy tongue flickered in and out at fantastically nervous speed.

The commander broke out of his trance, spilling forth a number of commands. "Sound Red Alert, we are in a war situation, no prisoners are to be taken, kill them all!!" Commander Thrnoge paused for a moment, breathed deeply and hissed something out that was barely audible. "The legend is true, there is a . . . Fourth Force."



TEN-0
1000
1.0710

BONE
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To you I give

My love

To bathe you in the

Morning dew

glistening on the

Tender green

Blades of grass

That herald the coming

Of Summer

Past.



To surround you in

Blankets of silver -

White clouds

That tempt the

Fair poet

To protect you with

Warmth on

Deep snowy days

That chills not

The heart of

The Pine tall

In Winter

Quiet.

To write

of Spring

Longing.



To cradle you in the

Soft mowed hay

Newly smelling

Of sweetness

Of life

In Autumn.

B. Minor

MOLOTOV MANIA

by Charles A. Logue

Skulking through enemy lands, from secret forts at Bellyache and Lobster Coves, Big Mag and I were the scourge of Smith's Point. Pilfering, Plundering, and Raping (even though we didn't know what the words meant) was our battle cry as we chased elusive foes through snare infested forests (disguised as staked tomatoes).

Engaging in pitched combat with the Horribles of Harte (Holly and her sisters), we split forces to encircle the enemy. Creeping in the bushes, I was set upon by the evil witch. A few whacks on the backside given with the magic incantation: "GET THE HELL OUT OF THIS YARD AND STAY OUT"; I realized the power of this worthy opponent (plus the size of the broom) and immediately retreated to safety.

Big Mag, having taken the more circuitous route, was able to capture one of our foe's prize possessions: a can of gasoline. Back in our hideaway, we quickly filled six bottles with this powerful potion of "Greek Fire." Refilling the container with salt water, Big Mag returned it before it was missed, while I prepared our bombs. Stuffing rags into the bottles with the ends for wicks, I was soon ready for the assault on Dead Man's Rock.

After scouting the cliffs above our target, we found a suitable launching site for our barrage. I held the first bottle firmly in my right hand while Big Mag lit the wick with the eternal flame (his father's ZIPPO). With my arm as a catapult, I arced the bottle, smashing it against the rock; then nothing, no boom, no whoosh, no flame figuring that we had a dud, we fired off another; still nothing firing three, four, and five; nothing but the sound of broken glass and startled seagulls.

Down to our last hope, I pulled the fuse out a few inches and stood poised above the defiant rock. Big Mag lit it, stepped back; I counted to three; hurled the bomb like one of Zeus' Thunderbolts. The holocaust nearly blew us off our perch, flames and smoke billowed around our scorched faces as distant sirens signaled the end of our war.

Big Mag was taken to the dungeons (his house), while I was held prisoner by his Lordship (my father) for a whole week.

ICMN
NOIG

Run to the left

back to the right

Bullets criss-crossing through the night

Jump!in your bunker . . . quick man

and don't forget to bring your beer can.

You're dodging mortars

BOOM BOOM BOOM

Dodging, really dodging mortars tonight.

Seagrams seven sitting on the table

some V.C. just stole your Black Label

Grab a bottle BA-MOUI-BA to back you up

the mortars start falling and you drop the cup

You're dodging mortars

BOOM

BOOM

BOOM

dodging mortars, really dodging mortars tonight.

by Charles A. Logue

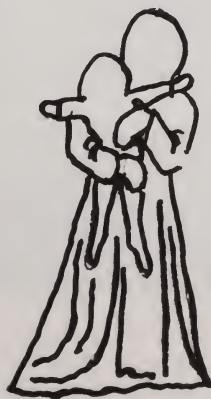
Am I?
 I am not
 who am.
 I said -
 I am just
 a pinstripe
 on an
 Irish
 potatoe-picking peasant's
 \$800 -
 Business Suit -
 With Wide Lapells.
 Just another
 glass
 of beer
 In a wine cellar.
 So I
 Walk.
 Behind
 the benches
 where
 No one else goes.

Across
 the snow
 just
 after
 the fall.
 Through
 the bushes,
 Thorn
 or
 otherwise.
 (preferably Thorn)
 Give
 me rest.
 Give
 me
 an area.
 Let me
 find,
 I said;
 let me
 look,
 I said;
 Let me -
 Said Who?
 Am I?
 I am not
 who am.

Ruth E. Cleary

What am I supposed to do -
tell them all?
Tell them they all eat like cows -
like pigs, slobberin
in their slop?
It's like they belong in a two-bit
cheap, down-home Texas diner with
winos at their feet beggin
for nickels - knowing damn right
well that people only make dimes
nowadays -
nowadays when your god only
has time for junkies -
and all the junkies
are dying -
And somewhere - off in the East - is
a small voice askin:
"Am I gonna die, Momma?"

Ruth Cleary





A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITORS

The Editors of PARNASSUS sincerely wish to thank all the students who submitted their poetry, short stories, photography and artwork for the spring issue of the literary magazine. The students of N.E.C.C. truly make this magazine what it is by their time, energy and literary contributions. Hopefully, next semester will be as fruitful as this semester past.

To all the students who submitted material that did not appear in this issue; keep writing, shooting and drawing. Remember that next semester is another opportunity to publish.

A special thanks goes to the wonderful women of the Public Relations Office, Sheila and Caryl. Their guidance and co-operation aided the Editors in many decisions and steps in the printing of PARNASSUS.

PARNASSUS wishes to thank the teachers of the Division of Humanities and especially Tim Haven for his help and co-operation with the Art Department; Bob Paul for supplying the magazine with photography from his classes; and all who helped spread the word that PARNASSUS needs help and support from the students. A sincere thanks also to the Division of Continuing Education and Community Services for the literary works received from that division.

Lastly, a special thanks to Rowley Printing for their time, co-operation and assistance which made the printing of PARNASSUS possible. Without their kind understanding, PARNASSUS would not have been printed due to the drastic cut in the magazine's budget.

PARNASSUS is published semi-annually by and for the students of N.E.C.C. as their vehicle of expression through the literary and graphic arts. Material may be submitted any time, either to the PARNASSUS OFFICE; C-341, or to any editor or the faculty advisor, Priscilla Bellairs, Office C-343.

Have a good summer!

Peace,

S.D.G.

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Cover Design.

Joanne Mook

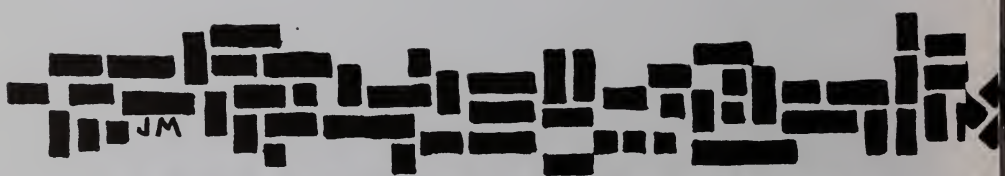
Graphics

Bob Pomerleau

Little Drawings

June Kasianchuk





PARNASSUS

SPRING 1978